

THE NATION

Upsala College MAY 30, 1959 . . 25c
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THE LOST APPALACHIANS

'POOR, PROUD AND PRIMITIVE'

Harry W. Ernst and Charles H. Drake

The Irresponsible Poisoners

Robert L. Rudd

ID Cards and the N.Y. Police

Dan Wakefield

LETTERS

The Campus Picture

Dear Sirs: May I congratulate you on the excellence of your May 16 issue, "Campus Report No. 3: Tension Beneath Apathy." Nowhere have I seen an analysis as keen as Edward D. Eddy, Jr.'s, "Paradox in Parenthesis."

MATTHEW A. COHEN
Room Registrar, Boston University
Boston, Mass.

Dear Sirs: "Campus Report No. 3" has just arrived, and the assumptions in the introduction remain unconvincing. . . . As a member of a more militant generation, I have returned to college to continue my work as an undergraduate. I find the present generation of students more persuasively liberal than my own was. If they are less militant politically . . . they are more at ease in the democratic assumptions of economic and social life. If they are waging no direct battles, they are not making the terrible errors which we committed. Who will say that the widespread pacifism of the thirties did not influence the statesmen who appeased Hitler . . . ?

This college generation does seem to me to have more sense than that usually generated in the heat of crusades. I trust them to act in the future . . . in such a way that my political future, and that of my children, will sustain the gains we have made in our own way.

ESTHER BLOOM
New York City

Dear Sirs: I have just finished reading "Campus Report No. 3" and was most interested. The articles by Dr. Eddy, Robb Burlage, and Dr. Reik were particularly impressive. The National Student Association's elected staff has reacted similarly to the issue; several of the officers are planning to request additional copies for distribution as part of the background papers for the twelfth National Student Congress.

FLORENCE CASEY
Public Relations Director
U.S. National Student Association
Philadelphia, Pa.

The Ringer Isn't Dead

Dear Sirs: Horseshoe pitching is far from being as dead as Robert Coulson would have us believe in his whimsical article, "Little Orphan Baseball" in the May 2 issue. More tournaments are held

today than in Grandpa's day, and official records show the ringer-tossing ability of today's champions far surpasses the best of yesteryear. The National Horseshoe Pitchers Association of America sponsors the tournaments, publishes a monthly magazine and has forty-three state chapters in the United States and Canada.

Mr. Coulson is correct, however, in stating the game is no longer the great participant sport it once was. But, rather than the automobile, I believe the real culprit was the mass movement from the farm to the city. This gave birth to a piece of American snobbery which had contempt for all things rural and termed them "hick." In this age of chrome, conformity and gadgets, featured by the TV spectaculars and the great search for the means of self-destruction, the sports pages of daily newspapers find space only for the great spectator sports, the big-money pastimes and the country-club games.

Nevertheless, horseshoe pitching is still widely played, though only its devotees are aware of the fact. Actually, no finer adult recreation can be found; it provides inexpensive, moderate and healthful exercise that requires very little in equipment and playing area.

ROBERT G. PENCE
Secretary-Treasurer,
National Horseshoe Pitchers Assoc.
Gary, Ind.

Prison Riots

Dear Sirs: The article entitled "Prison Riots: A Struggle for Power," by Professor Gresham M. Sykes, which appeared in your May 2 issue, is in my opinion a factual and sound statement. Its succinctness, as well as its validity, should appeal to the thoughtful reader. What Professor Sykes says has been said many times. Nevertheless, this is a subject which needs to be treated over and over again, particularly in periodicals such as *The Nation*, whose readers—I believe—are a cut or two above the average in their interest in what is good or bad for society as a whole. I have heard the question raised as to the value of this type of article in view of the fact that the conditions described continue to prevail. The fault, perhaps, is that the story of riots is not told often enough, and too frequently in terms of sensationalism. . . .

Many of us believe, unfortunate though it may be, that a great deal of whatever small progress we have so far made in penology has been the result of riots. True enough, the reforms

which occur after these disturbances in time fade away, but almost without exception a residue of improvement remains. . . .

WALTER M. WALLACK
Warden, Wallkill Prison, N. Y.
President, American Prison Association

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Correspondent

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EDITORIALS

How to Lose in 1960

When it comes to compressing a lot of political sense into few words, it will be hard to beat the remark attributed to Senator Pat McNamara (Dem., Michigan): "We're not doing a damn thing around here except throwing away the 1960 election." The voters may not always know what they want Congress to do, but they put a premium on doing something. That inaction and over-caution can present major political hazards was proved by Harry S. Truman in 1948. He won the election, which the political seers thought he had already lost, largely by hammering away at the "do-nothing 80th Congress." Yet the 80th Congress came in with no particular pretensions and went out with an average record of accomplishment. In contrast, the current 86th was swept into office in what was touted as a liberal landslide, and even Lyndon Johnson hailed it in prospect as a "can-do" Congress. A Republican Truman could do something with that remark in 1960.

An election is not fought only during the few months preceding the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November, but in the accumulation of printed and spoken comment over the prior two years, from which the issues and slogans are later distilled. In the news weeklies and daily newspapers, regardless of political orientation, the commentators are almost unanimous in their verdict that this is a somnolent Congress, not much inclined toward radicalism, not much inclined toward anything. Why? Many reasons can be given and some, like the observation that returning prosperity has taken the drive out of the "can-do" spirit, no doubt have some validity. It is also true that the failure of the House to override the Eisenhower veto of the rural-electrification measure shows that "can-do" has practical political limits. But the chief trouble is with the Democratic Congressional leadership and the fact that a substantially static situation such as now exists is precisely to its liking.

Any parliamentary leadership prefers conditions which are safe, easily manageable and susceptible to com-

promise; thus it tends to stay in the middle of the road, where the ruts are deepest. But for the Democrats, this time-honored course holds out more danger than convenience; for, in the absence of a nationally recognized leadership, only the image of the Congressional chiefs can be held up to the voters as the embodiment of the party's virtues. Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson and Speaker Sam Rayburn have accordingly been extolled as peerless leaders of great constructive force; the only trouble is that it is now incumbent on them to deliver. If they fail to do so, there are elements of instability in the general domestic situation, and enough individual hardship and institutional lethargy, to make an overdose of moderation politically perilous. It would be better if they found this out in 1959 than in 1960.

It's Legal, But Is It Wise?

The law, both state and federal, exempts New York's non-profit hospitals from the obligation to bargain collectively. Standing on the statute, six non-profit hospitals in New York City refused to recognize the Retail Drug Employees Union (Local 1199) which had organized over 3,000 of their non-professional workers — elevator operators, kitchen help, nurses' aides and orderlies — some of whom receive wages as low as \$32 a week [see "Victims of Charity," by Dan Wakefield, *The Nation*, March 14]. The employees struck. As this is written, they have been on strike for two weeks, and the hospitals have maintained their services only with the help of volunteer workers, some of whom must have found it painful to decide between the needs of the patients and those of the strikers. The hospitals, arguing that they were already plagued with deficits, nevertheless promised to raise the workers' wages to \$1 an hour (the federal minimum), to install grievance and arbitration machinery and to improve working conditions. But one thing they vowed they would never do: recognize the union.

So, at this writing, the strike continues, and the union threatens to strike other voluntary hospitals as well;

and, with unusual unanimity and rank-and-file support, organized labor in the city supports the strikers, precisely because recognition of a union which has organized a majority of the employees is involved. The ordinary citizen doesn't see why legal recognition of the union, when it has already been recognized for most practical purposes, is so important to the trustees and administrators. Probably, also, he remembers other employers who prophesied all kinds of disaster if a union invaded the sacred precincts of their business; but, when it did, things went on much as before. It would be well if the trustees, now standing firmly on their rights, got off them and joined the majority of their fellow-citizens who, after all, contribute their mite to the support of the hospitals. (In several states, including Hawaii and California, hospital employees are represented by unions, and the public hospitals in New York City itself are operated under such an arrangement.) The law is the law, but it doesn't say that hospital managers have to be as silly as diplomats.

GLEE and the Class of '59

The ever-optimistic Secretary of Labor, James P. Mitchell, has delivered his annual inspirational talk to the graduating class: prospects for the 1959 degree recipient are better than a year ago. This forecast, which surely required no great statistical hardihood, is echoed by college placement bureaus in several parts of the country (which, however, limit their comparisons to last year and say little or nothing of 1957). When the picture is more closely scrutinized, the darker spots show up. The brightness, in fact, is largely confined to aircraft-missiles and electronics, the most heavily government-subsidized sections of the economy.

Some undergraduates fail to show a seemly gratitude for the reassurances of their elders and the arrangements which have been made for their entrance into the economic life of the country. A group of these malcontents have inserted a display advertisement in the *Columbia Daily Spectator* on behalf of *GLEE* (General Lethal Engineering Enterprises), a patriotic corporation which cries aloud for "ENGINEERS, MATHEMATICIANS, SCIENTISTS!!!" It proceeds in a now familiar format:

If you possess superior qualifications, there is room for you in the following fields:

Operations Research: How to achieve greater genocidal efficiency per defense dollar.

Microbiology: Research toward a clean, radical-specific bubonic plague organism.

Miniaturization Development: Micro-napalm bombs for non-redundant use against children. And Many Other Programs.

At GLEE you will find:

Advancement: As older men retire to monasteries or lose security clearance, there is always room at the top for

men who have the right ideas or lack the wrong ones.

Exciting Work: Be in on the birth of entirely new concepts in mass devitalization. . . .

Congenial Surroundings: GLEE communities have superior schools where your children will grow up well-informed, cultured and moral. Comfortable housing, conveniently located near churches, psychiatrists, and the FBI.

Team Spirit: Be part of an integrated team of well-trained men working together on a broad program that includes the mathematical, physical, engineering, biological, politico-economic, psychological, and demographic aspects of mass intimidation.

A brochure is offered to those willing to take loyalty and other oaths. It looks as if the liberal-arts majors at Columbia are getting out of hand.

Post Office Morals

Big Table 1 is a magazine invented to publish the material which was originally scheduled for the winter, 1959, issue of *Chicago Review*, but which the university authorities decreed could not come out under their auspices. It contains fiction by Jack Kerouac and William Burroughs, two men who write a steamy prose about the seamy world they allegedly inhabit. Obviously, *Big Table* is an item to attract the noses of Post Office snoopers. Reading with their noses, these civil servants found in the pages of Messrs. Kerouac and Burroughs the words they expected to find, and they decided that the issue should not be delivered.

Now the musings of Kerouac and Burroughs are as likely to "excite lascivious thoughts or arouse lustful desire" (the legal test for obscenity) as the spectacle of a man rubbing hash in his hair would be likely to excite hunger. Kerouac, one might hazard, is terrified by sex and compensates by scatological remarks at the 65 IQ level. Burroughs is terrified by narcotics, an obsession which reduces his sexual content to impersonal mechanics. (His comments on dope are expert, vivid and pitifully horrible.)

But the point here is not one of public morals or literary values. The point is Post Office morals. Having decided on March 18 that it would not deliver *Big Table*, this government agency did not inform the editors that the magazine was impounded. Nothing at all was said until April 17 when, alarmed by complaints from subscribers, the publishers inquired and were told that the issue was still lying in the Chicago Post Office. And to date, no official reason has been given for the seizure. Presumably the explanation will be forthcoming at a Post Office hearing to be held in Washington on June 2 — more than two months after the issue came off the press.

The editors of *Big Table* could beat the censors of the Post Office in a court case — the weight of legal precedent is overwhelmingly on the magazine's side.

The NATION

But the weight of bureaucratic arrogance is on the Post Office's side, and it is a formidable weapon when used against private citizens of limited resources. That is why the Post Office acts in secret, evades questions, delays the hearings. It counts on winning by exhausting its opponent, and that is the real obscenity in the case.

Business and Politics

American business, according to William C. Stolk, president of American Can and a director of the First National City Bank of New York, is "too refined"; it must get into politics to preserve itself, the nation and the Constitution from "powerful forces which are seriously undermining our political and economic system." There is no reason whatsoever, he assured the delegates to a meeting of the Chemical Specialties Manufacturers Association in Chicago, why business corporations should not get into politics "down to the ward and precinct level."

At the same time, another spokesman for American business, Arnold H. Maremont, Chairman of the Board of the Allied Paper Corporation, in a speech to the American Management Association in New York, warned industrialists against injecting business into politics. "I think," he said, "that anyone who argues that business must get into politics in order to take a fall out of labor is doing a distinct disservice to himself and his firm. . . . The corporation is a legal entity and was never intended to be a political entity. . . . Under the law, a corporation cannot do indirectly what it is forbidden to do directly. How then, being forbidden to contribute money to political campaigns, can a corporation legally permit its employees, on company time and paid for by company funds, to act as poll-watchers, vote-getters, precinct captains and such? . . . We must influence our destiny through wise political action as the individual human entity, not as a corporation mouth-piece."

Of these sharply conflicting views, the second is, we think, much the saner and wiser. Mr. Stolk is a victim of a familiar fallacy, namely, that a course of action can be chartered on the basis of a group's estimate of a situation without regard to what possible countervailing forces and factors its action may bring into play. The course he advocates is, we believe, calculated to minimize the influence of business in government. For one thing, middle-management personnel would be more likely to rebel against, than to cooperate in, such a program; for another, we would not like to be the candidate who, in an urban industrial district, were to enter the lists billed as the sponsored candidate of General Electric. Before stepping off this brink, American corporation executives had better ponder Mr. Maremont's advice.

By Any Other Name

The United States National Student Association has urged Congress to revive educational benefits for veterans which were permitted to lapse in 1955. Specifically, the proposal is for a maximum period of not less than four years, with free selection by the individual ex-GI student of his course and college. *The Nation* has never been enthusiastic about the idea of paying "benefits" to those, be they veterans or Republicans or Democrats, who discharge the obligations of citizenship. But there is both logic and equity to the suggestion that Congress enact a new GI educational bill. Educational-benefit payments would represent one defense cost that would not fall under the category of pure waste; in fact some definite social gains might be anticipated.

For one thing, a GI-benefit bill would help to adjust some of the inequities in the selective-service setup; for example, the present draft deferment provisions tend to place the physically fit, single individual at a definite career disadvantage. If society insists on creating obstacles to the education of young citizens, it should compensate them to the extent that compensation is possible.

As educational costs increase, college administrators naturally insist that more funds be made available for scholarships and, at the same time, that tuition rates must be increased. But what happens, in practical effect, is that while tuition rates are raised, little is done about making more scholarships available to those who stand in greatest need of them. Present scholarship programs, it is generally agreed, are of little help to the poor. Only one-tenth of the applicants for scholarships come from families with annual incomes of \$4,000 or less; the average income of the scholarship-holder's family is between \$6,000 and \$7,000 (according to a survey reported in *The New York Times*, April 5). Middle and upper-income families are already sending their children to college; an expanding college population will have to come, in much larger proportions than in the past, from the lower-income groups. If not, many educators fear that the college population will be segregated on the basis of parental income. A new GI-benefit bill would help redress this imbalance and it would also take some of the pressure off existing scholarship funds.

Though not the ideal way to assist talented students who need help, a GI-benefit bill has far more political appeal in Congress than a straightforward federal-aid-to-education measure. And the exhilarating experience with the first GI bill, after World War II, demonstrates that an infusion of more veterans might make for a more stimulating campus atmosphere. Congress, which seldom turns a deaf ear to proposals for upping defense appropriations, should give this proposal the attention it merits.

PROPAGANDA vs. DIPLOMACY . . by Theodore Sands

DIPLOMACY, which once was a whispered secret, has now become the favored subject of radio, television and newspapers; daily we are bombarded with the moves and proclamations of national leaders. Now, as the season of Summitry approaches, we might with profit make a distinction between diplomacy and propaganda, ask ourselves in the weeks ahead which we are witnessing, and ponder the proper place of both in the conduct of our foreign policy.

The current crisis is not likely to be the last; nor should we anticipate a liquidation of the cold war at the coming Summit meeting. But although the substance of the issues may not be greatly affected by the meetings now in the headlines, the procedures employed deserve close attention. For how we use the techniques of diplomacy and propaganda may weigh as heavily on the scales of peace as the substance of the issues themselves.

Much of what passes today for diplomacy is not diplomacy at all; it is propaganda. Yet unless the practice of proper diplomacy is protected and preserved, the means required to find future solutions of current problems will not be available. The tragedy of the next Summit meeting might be less any failure to agree than the further erosion of the pattern of diplomacy by the winds of propaganda.

Diplomatic discussion has traditionally supplied the materials out of which the cement of agreement and understandings have been made. Discussion implies an exchange of views; it implies listening as well as talking. Propaganda can be clothed in the forms of diplomacy, such as an exchange of notes between Heads of State, but its functions and purposes are very different. In propaganda there is no exchange of views or explanation of the reasons for them. There is no listening, for the

intent is not mutual understanding or agreement, but the presentation of a position.

The Soviet Union has largely discarded the art of discussion for the art of propaganda. It has used diplomacy to talk to peoples over the heads of their leaders and thereby influence world opinion. Thus, Russian-style diplomacy has become more an instrument for extending conflict than for reconciling differences. The United States, on the other hand, has attempted to cling to the traditional practices of diplomacy, but not to its spirit. Rather than accommodation and compromise, it has stressed inflexibility. And when confronted with Soviet propaganda disguised as diplomacy, it has responded with diplomacy disguised as propaganda.

While the initial responsibility for the corruption of this traditional instrument of peace into one of war lies with the Communist world, the United States shares responsibility. For the use of propaganda in the guise of diplomacy is as much the result of American indecision and confusion as it is of Russian guile and ambition.

THE DIFFICULTIES we now find ourselves in may well stem from a lack of understanding of the differences that currently exist between the nature of diplomacy in the Soviet Union and in the United States. In this country, diplomatic procedure has required that discussion and negotiation be carried on among duly accredited representatives of the state. Our diplomacy has been geared to the sober and serious atmosphere of the conference room. At the same time, we have allowed the Soviets to conduct their diplomacy via the marketplace and for purposes other than a compromise of official differences. This situation carries with it a double jeopardy. It inhibits the proper investigation of areas of accommodation, and it leaves the initiative with the Soviets.

The task of diplomacy in this nuclear age is to provide a means of discussion, negotiation and agreement between governments. In the

final analysis, the atom is no respecter of ideology; it recognizes neither the class struggle nor the immutable workings of the dialectic. And unless we are willing to abandon completely a rational frame of reference, we must assume that in the foreseeable future the Soviets will recognize (if they have not already done so) the limits the atom has imposed on their ambitions.

When this stage of mutual fear and respect for the atom is reached, it will be necessary to have available the means by which the required communication, negotiations and agreements can be worked out. That instrument is already at hand. It is the practice of conventional diplomacy.

THUS IT WOULD be the height of folly for the West to abandon the practice of diplomacy merely because, as currently practiced, it seems ineffective in the face of Soviet propaganda tactics. The trouble is not with diplomacy, but with our improper use of it. We are trying to use diplomacy for a task for which it has never been designed: propaganda and psychological warfare. If we wanted to attract a crowd to a carnival side-show, we would certainly not use the language of the lawyer or the university professor. Yet in effect this is what we are currently doing. The result has been that we have been carrying on neither fruitful diplomacy nor successful propaganda, while the Soviets, on the other hand, have captured the initiative in diplomacy and control of the field in propaganda.

It is within our initiative to force a separation of diplomacy from propaganda. The accomplishment of this task is not one of legalism, but of action; it is not a matter of "rules," but of process. There is already a sort of rule of thumb in our State Department to the effect that any Soviet proposal accompanied by publicity is propaganda. On the other hand, a proposal made through regular diplomatic channels and unattended by publicity is worth considering. This is a sensible approach

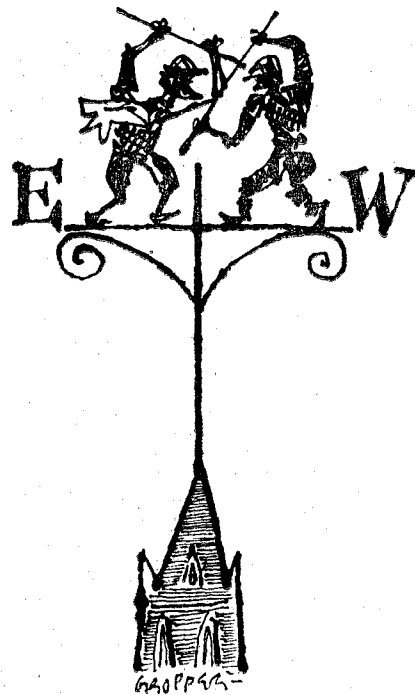
THEODORE SANDS, formerly with the Office of Research and Intelligence of the Department of State, now teaches history at Illinois State Normal University.

and deserves to be applied more fully than it currently is. Our current dilemma is that although we spot much of Soviet "diplomacy" to be propaganda, we feel constrained to counter it with a diplomacy that is neither good diplomacy nor good propaganda. What is required, it would seem, is a clear and definite divorce between the two instruments. Western diplomacy could restrict its activities to sincere attempts at reaching agreements of mutual benefit. It could abandon completely the practice of "open diplomacy" and treat any proposal which is given publicity in the exploratory stage not as diplomacy, but as propaganda. Any violation of the confidential discussions and negotiations prior to agreement could be treated as an official act tantamount to a breaking-off of negotiations.

At the same time, the West could begin to wage propaganda on the same terms as the Soviets. However, before this could be done there would have to be a clarification of what we were trying to do with propaganda. It would seem that there should be two main objectives: (1) to create conditions within the Soviet bloc which disrupt and weaken the functioning of the Communist system; (2) to immunize the non-Communist states to the blandishments of the Soviets and to create an ideological and emotional attachment to the West.

THERE is no reason why the United States could not embark on an all-out propaganda campaign to convince the world that we are a peace-loving nation and that we are constantly working to ease the danger of nuclear war. This cannot be done by explaining the necessity of an adequate inspection system as part of an atom-test ban; it can be done only by a skillful manipulation of the stereotypes and symbols by which the mass of men can most easily be influenced.

What is to prevent the United States from inviting the Soviet bloc to join us in a pact of re-dedication to the principles of the U.N. Charter? Why could we not start a world-wide disarmament movement in which the goal would be a petition of 100 million signatures calling for



the Soviet Union to reopen disarmament talks?

Our official attitude towards this approach is that it is useless and therefore immoral. This judgment is true in the framework of diplomacy, but completely invalid in terms of propaganda. One must keep in mind the difference in objective. In this case, since the objective is to convince others of our peaceful intent, we must take actions that are symbolic of this intent and at a level that will be understood by all. While it may be true that the signature of the Soviet Union on a pact of re-dedication is not going to strengthen the U.N. materially, or even ease the tensions between East and West, it would create the impression that the United States is desirous of peace. At the same time it would in no way prevent us from pursuing more realistic goals through normal diplomatic channels.

WHAT WOULD happen if the United States not only accepted the bid to the Summit, but countered with a meeting of "Peoples for Peace"? What would happen if the United States not only accepted the Soviet bid to outlaw atomic warfare, but countered with invitations to outlaw conventional warfare, forced labor and one-party elections? The current position of the United States is that such agreements would create

a false impression in the free world¹, that they would indicate that the cold war had been liquidated and there was no further need to maintain our defense. This line of reasoning is open to serious question. It assumes that the West can stay armed and vigilant only under a psychology of crisis. It assumes, too, that the peoples of the NATO alliance would be so naïve as to see peace in these empty symbols of agreement.

Moreover, those who fear this kind of "peace propaganda" fail to take into account that the offer of a pact to outlaw war, for instance, might have a greater psychological impact in the Soviet Union than in the United States. After all, the peoples of the Soviet bloc have been conditioned to believe that such a pact would really prevent war. The Soviets might experience great difficulty in justifying the need for the "dictatorship of the party" when the chief reason for its existence, the hostile capitalist threat of the United States, has been nullified by such a pact of peace, widely-touted throughout the world.

HOW WOULD this clear-cut division between diplomacy and propaganda on our part affect Soviet diplomacy-propaganda? It would, by the very nature of our procedure, require that the Soviets adopt the same pattern. Once we treat Soviet "open-diplomacy" as propaganda, countering with pure propaganda of our own, conventional diplomacy would remain the only avenue left open to both sides for serious negotiations.

There are risks in waging propaganda for peace. But there are equally grave hazards in continuing the present policy. It is only by recognizing the dual purpose of Soviet diplomacy-propaganda as it is used today that we can combat its effectiveness and its tendency to accentuate conflict. If we insist on a return to diplomacy as non-public discussion and negotiation, and only that, we will preserve the sole remaining tool of serious agreement and at the same time leave ourselves free to wage propaganda in a more effective and much less dangerous fashion than is now the case.

'Poor, Proud and Primitive'.. Harry W. Ernst and Charles H. Drake

Charleston, West Virginia
THE TEACHING PRINCIPAL, her face lined with the creases of old age, had been called out of retirement to take charge of the three-room school that no one else wanted. She turned to her pupils and said: "Would you like to sing for these gentlemen?"

With childish embarrassment, they opened their song books. One child suggested they sing "America" and the teacher agreed.

"My country 'tis of thee; sweet land of liberty. . . ."

They sang with the detached innocence of childhood. Their voices carried beyond the frame schoolhouse and into the unpainted shacks that blight the bleak hollows of West Virginia's coal-mining country.

In this sweet land of liberty, these are the shaggy, shoeless children of the unwanted—the "hillbilly" coal miners who have been displaced by machines and largely left to rot on surplus government food and the small doles of a half-hearted welfare state.

"Children, how many of your fathers are working?" the teacher asked. Thirteen of the thirty pupils raised their hands. "These are the nicest and most timid children I've ever taught," she murmured. "Yet they're destitute. How can they be so nice?"

The freshly-painted school they attend near this prosperous capital of West Virginia has no hot-lunch program. The teacher buys some bread and peanut butter and brings it to school to make sandwiches for the children who come without lunches.

Suffering isn't a newcomer to these hills and hollows. The school is located on Kellys Creek, where the grandfathers of its pupils fought for the right to be human in the bloody mine wars from 1912 to 1921.

But the suffering may be even worse today. "When times were hard

HARRY W. ERNST is on the staff of the Charleston, W. Va., Gazette; CHARLES H. DRAKE teaches at Berea College in Kentucky.

before, things were cheap," said eighty-seven-year-old W. L. Hudnall, a retired miner, logger and handyman who lives near the school. "Flour was \$3 a barrel during the depression; it's \$16 a barrel today. Without my old-age pension, I don't know what would happen. FDR give us that. Since *he's* gone, things have been wrecked. Today it's worse than it was under Cleveland."

"Look up any hollow and you'll find hungry, unemployed people," said George R. Cook, Jr., who owns and operates a funeral home at nearby Cedar Grove, a mining town of about 1,500 persons. He waved to a half-dozen men who were cleaning the town's streets. "See those men? We have a municipally-owned water company and they're cleaning the streets to pay off their water bills. We've reached the point of no return. All we have is the coal mines and they're closing or laying off more miners. The situation is even worse than most realize. If you've got a job, you can't realize what people are facing in these hollows. There's going to have to be a change somehow—and soon."

TO THE isolated hollows that twist crazily throughout the Appalachian South, the misery of Kellys Creek is familiar enough. An estimated eight million people live in this impoverished area, which comprises 257 counties hugging the Appalachian mountain range and sprawling over nine states from West Virginia to Alabama. They eke out a marginal subsistence on their small, hilly farms or by chopping down what remains of the area's depleted timber resources. A dwindling number work in the coal mines which have done so much to shape the region's enigmatic character.

"The Southern Appalachian area apparently has been characterized by an interplay between stability and change, isolation and contrast, the primitive and progressive," says Dr. Earl D. C. Brewer, professor of sociology at Emory University's

School of Theology in Atlanta. "Where else can one find such contrasts as Elizabethan folklore and atomic reactors, planting by the moon and scientific agriculture, medieval demonology and modern medicine, beliefs that God sends floods to wipe out the sinful as in Noah's time and TVA, the primitive Protestant emphasis on individualism and the overloaded welfare rolls?"

The tiny mountain communities with the queer names, such as Prosperity and Czar, consist of a few houses scattered around a general store with a gasoline pump in front. Dirt clings to the coal camps and towns like coal dust to the miner's pores. Cramped clusters of company-built shacks, with washing machines on their front porches, lie over every hill of the mining country. Many of the shacks have been boarded up and abandoned.

Narrow, bumpy paved roads dissolve into muddy trails, connecting the Appalachian South's bleak hollows with the world beyond. Sprawled along the Kellys Creek Road in West Virginia are dilapidated shacks, rusting oil and gas wells, crumbling coal tipples. The creek winds its way through rotting piles of garbage and old tires. With spring, the hill-sides explode into bright colors, providing an ironic background for the misery of Kellys Creek.

Occasionally the winding roads lead to islands of industrial prosperity, such as Charleston, where the per capita income is among the highest in the nation. In the river valley dominated by this city, the region's natural resources—including coal, natural gas, salt and water—have blended to create one of the nation's largest and most prosperous complexes of chemical plants.

Elsewhere poverty blights the Appalachian South. In 1949, more than 60 per cent of the families and individuals in two-thirds of the mountain counties had cash incomes of less than \$2,000. Full-time farmers had an average net income of less than \$500. Unemployment in

West Virginia climbed to 15 per cent this year, and 300,000 West Virginians—one-sixth of the state's population—depend partly or wholly on "mollygrub" (as surplus government food is called) to stay alive. Many of the unemployed have now exhausted their "rockin'-chair money" the mountaineer's vivid phrase for unemployment pay.

On a counter in the O. A. Dunbar & Sons General Store on Kellys Creek was a cardboard box with "Food Donation for Molly Workman" printed in crayon on its side. Molly, an elderly woman who lives with her daughter and five children in a three-room shack they rent near the store, was in bed when we visited her. "What we need is food in this house," she said.

On the thin walls of the crowded, squalid room were pictures of Jesus and His disciples, clipped from the religious calendars which are a favorite of the Bible Belt. Wrapped in dirty cloths on a bed in the adjoining room was a small baby. The bones in his forehead protruded unnaturally when he cried, the skin tightening over his long, thin face.

Rev. Ralph Keenan, pastor of Ward Community Church and operator of a small service station at Cedar Grove, leaned on the car window and ran his fingers through his gray hair. "It couldn't be any worse than it is at the present time," he said. "Even with the welfare, people aren't getting enough to eat. If nothing is done, you're going to drive them to stealing."

An upsurge in crime has been reported throughout the coal country. In a recent six-month period, Charleston police revealed that 1,500 parking meters had been robbed. U. S. Treasury agents are working overtime to keep up with one of the region's favorite modes of free enterprise—moonshining and bootlegging. More than 200 inmates at the West Virginia Penitentiary are eligible for parole but can't be released because no jobs are available.

A FRUSTRATING interplay of such forces as obsolete agriculture, depleted timber resources, a high birth rate, rapid mechanization of coal mining, the declining demand for coal, short-sighted and selfish po-

litical-business leadership, and scarcity of industrial jobs have coalesced to create the chronic poverty of the Appalachian South. In this predominantly rural area, with few cities over 50,000, too many children are born for too few jobs. In 1950, about 20 per cent of West Virginia's families had three or more children under eighteen, as compared with 12 per cent of the families in Illinois.

Employment in the coal mines has declined at least 50 per cent since 1950. In West Virginia, the nation's largest producer of bituminous coal, machines and shrinking markets have reduced the number of miners from 125,000 in 1948 to about 47,000 today. Few jobs are available for these displaced miners; there are more factories in Cincinnati, for instance, than in all East Kentucky.

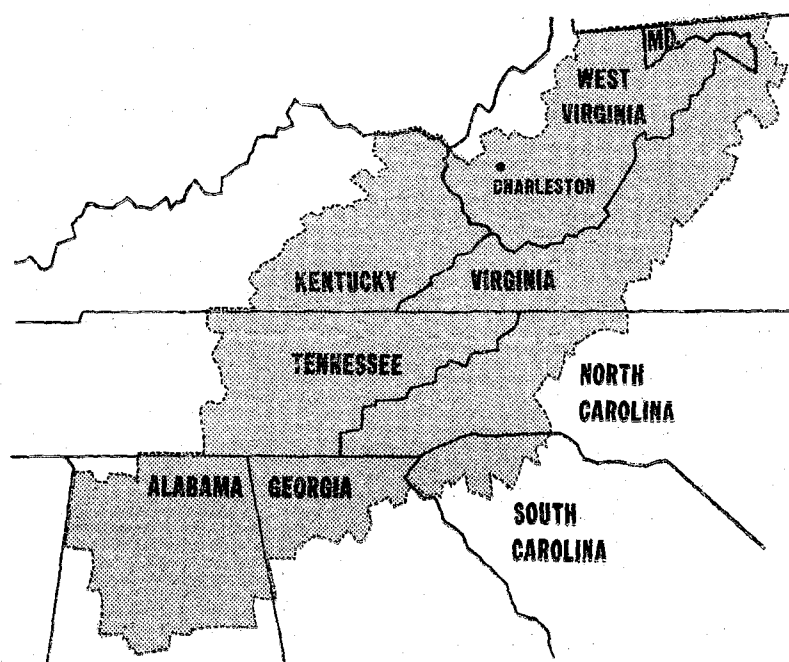
Writing in *Farm Policy Forum*, Dr. William H. Nicholls, professor of economics at Vanderbilt University, traced the historical reasons for the Appalachian South's chronic backwardness:

... An early date of settlement followed by a long period of economic and cultural isolation, brought the establishment of a pioneer pattern of small subsistence farming which has been very slow to change. . . . Frequently, such communities also suffered from the political neglect of their transportation and educational needs by their own state govern-

ments, which tended to be dominated by the interests of the larger and wealthier landowners in more favored parts of their respective states.

This analysis snugly fits West Virginia, which has a larger portion of mountain counties than any other Appalachian state. While the state ranks fifteenth among states in basic wealth added to the nation, it is thirty-eighth in per capita income. As a producer of raw materials which, for the most part, profit out-of-state firms, it fails to reap the advantages of school and road funds which ordinarily flow from finished products. And West Virginia never has had a full-fledged severance tax on its abundant natural resources.

Meanwhile, the familiar poverty-breeding pressures of population and unemployment—intensified by the decline of traditional jobs in the mining and timber industries—have pushed an estimated 800,000 mountain people onto the highways in the past decade alone. Most migrated North, but some turned toward growing Southern cities, such as Atlanta, to stake their claims for a better life. In 1950, an estimated 275,000 Kentuckians and 103,000 West Virginians were living in Ohio alone. They've been settling in Cincinnati, just across the state line from Kentucky, for the past thirty years. H. L. Mencken wrote of the horrors of hillbilly migration north-



Shaded area indicates the Appalachian South.

ward to work in defense plants during World War II.

To these "poor, proud and primitive" people (as they appear to city observers), their mountain homeland, as contrasted with the prosperous America they hear of elsewhere, offers them only a bleak future of grinding poverty. So they head North to knock on the doors of industrial prosperity. Then, when prosperity stumbles in Chicago or Cleveland, many of them periodically pack up and head home. They move in with relatives or set up housekeeping in abandoned shacks, tightening their belts to live off rockin'-chair money and mollygrub until another recession ends. But some, with acquired skills and years of seniority providing them a measure of job security, have become solid citizens of Midwestern cities, where their recently arrived cousins are considered alarming social problems.

THIS NOMADIC existence causes heartbreak and headaches for all concerned — the nomads, the industrial centers to which they migrate, and the impoverished communities to which they return during hard times.

When stagnating economies force mountaineers to abandon their mountain homes for urban industrial jobs, they leave behind a way of life radically different from the one the city offers them. Their semi-Southern accents and strange behavior brand them as "hillbillies" in cities always eager to exploit new arrivals. Although white Protestants of old American stock, they face the same prejudice that traditionally has

made life uncomfortable for strangers in new lands.

Dr. Roscoe Griffin, sociologist at Berea College in Kentucky, has sketched a profile of the typical mountaineer. From his writings emerges the portrait of a man who takes life easy, adjusting to its demands rather than striving to master his environment. Fear of failure doesn't disturb him. He prefers "eternal salvation" to earthly rewards, naturally, since few of the latter are available to him in his mountain homeland. A stubborn individualist who respects differences in others, he reacts violently when his own rights are infringed.

There's nothing wrong with hillbillies—a description which mountain people loathe—that a strong dose of equal opportunity wouldn't cure. Applying every yardstick of social well-being, their Appalachian homeland emerges a sordid blemish on the balance sheet of the wealthiest nation in history. You name it —schools, health services, housing, per capita income—and the Appalachian South stacks up as an underdeveloped region which produces citizens incapable of realizing their human potential in the complex twentieth century. Their stunted growth not only saps the vitality of the mid-South, but also weakens the nation. Unprepared migrants become burdens on cities already bulging with social problems. Today's inferiorly educated children of Appalachia are Ohio's citizens of tomorrow.

MANY economists believe migration from the Appalachian South will continue even if the region becomes more industrialized. With mechani-

zation increasingly eliminating coal miners and marginal farmers, enough new jobs won't be created to satisfy the demands of a traditionally high birth rate.

Although some continuing migration may be desirable, what the Appalachian South desperately needs is a domestic Point Four program combining federal, state and local resources. Only with federal help—similar to the economic aid Uncle Sam sends to underdeveloped nations abroad—can the region receive its share of the national wealth.

The eighty-fifth Congress took a step in this direction when it passed a bill designed to help chronically depressed areas finance industrial development. But President Eisenhower vetoed the measure. A repeat performance, with even less support in the supposedly more liberal current Congress, is shaping up. Senator Douglas (D.-Ill.) re-introduced a \$390 million measure to aid depressed areas, but it barely squeezed through the Senate, 49 to 46, almost beaten by that ancient killer of liberal dreams—the familiar coalition of Republican and Southern conservatives. Ironically, the South probably would have profited most from the bill. If the House approves a similar measure, President Eisenhower is expected to veto it again. He recommended aid to depressed areas costing only \$53 million.

DEPRESSED areas such as the Appalachian South also need much more generous federal grants to improve their public schools and highways and to provide better health, library and employment-service facilities. Federally-subsidized research into coal's vast potentialities, such as chemical conversion into synthetic fuels, and Congressional adoption of a sensible national fuels policy to give coal an even break with other fuels, also would ultimately help the coal country.

State and regional development commissions have been organized to woo industries into the region. The most extensive effort is probably under way in Kentucky, where rural sociologists and the State Department of Economic Development have begun a comprehensive program aimed at rebuilding rural com-



munities and attracting private industry. The Kentucky emphasis is on people and their needs rather than factories at any cost.

A \$250,000 study of the Appalachian South now under way may be helpful in developing a program to aid mountain migrants and in determining the direction of a domestic Point Four program. Financed by the Ford Foundation through Berea College, it is the first comprehensive survey aimed at determining the needs of the region's eight million people.

The Council of the Southern Mountains, the only region-wide organization dedicated to improving the quality of life throughout the nine-state area, recently called upon the region's governors to establish an interstate commission to study problems unique to the Appalachian South and to recommend solutions on a regional basis.

The achievements of TVA indicate what could be done if federal resources were used to help develop the entire region. By following TVA's example, a Point Four assault on

the region's poverty could bring a better life to the long-ignored people of Appalachia. Migration could be reduced and in future years mountaineer migrants would cease to become costly social problems for American industrial centers.

The alternatives are clear—either mountaineers will continue to go to industry or industry must come to the mountains. In the long run, bringing suitable industries to the Appalachian South would be much less expensive, both in dollars and human misery.

Identity Cards and the N. Y. Police . . by Dan Wakefield

ONE OF THE more revolting institutions of New York City—this city of pious face and demented heart—was recently brought to public view in the state supreme court. The practice in question requires employees of cabarets, including entertainers, waiters, busboys, hat-check girls and anyone else who “comes in contact with the public” in a night club, to be fingerprinted and to carry an identification card. The ID cards are issued in accordance with the high moral judgment of the New York City Police Department, which acts as protector of the moral welfare of those of us who risk our souls by visitation to such spas of Satan as Birdland and The Embers. I, for one, believe that my hopes of eternal salvation stand less chance of doom by exposure to any corner pub than to a precinct police station; but, then, each of us must grapple with such choices in the dark night of his own soul. More important is the issue of the police department's right to bar a citizen from getting a job on the basis of its own judgment of his moral character.

The case of two men who long have been denied the sanction of the cops for permanent “contact with the public” in New York's

cabarets was brought to court by their attorney, Maxwell T. Cohen, who challenged not only the denial of cards to his clients, but the Constitutionality of the whole practice, including the transference of the \$2 ID-card fees (which must be paid every two years, on renewal) into the Police Pension Fund. Maxwell Cohen is the lawyer for many of our outstanding jazz musicians, as well as other entertainers, and the two clients who came forward in this case were J. J. Johnson, who for the past five years has held sway in the polls of critics and public as the country's outstanding trombone player, and Billy Rubenstein, a piano player now on tour with Kai Winding's orchestra. A third plaintiff was bandleader Johnny Richards, who holds an ID card himself, but challenged the right of the police department to restrict him from employing musicians without cards.

The plaintiffs instituted the action for themselves “and others similarly concerned and situated.” The majority of the others similarly “concerned and situated,” however, are not entertainers, but the waiters and other “service” employees of night clubs. There are 1,600 cabarets in New York City, and roughly 38,000 employees fall under the law requiring them to carry ID cards. Probably only several thousand of that number are entertainers (the total New York City membership of the Amer-

ican Guild of Variety Artists is approximately 4,000). Yet the troubles of the entertainers have been by far the most prominent part of the ID-card wrangles. This has been the case partly because the average waiter who is barred from employment in a cabaret by the card system does not have the resources to bring his complaint to legal contest, and is better off carrying his trays in a restaurant without entertainment than trying to fight his way through the police red tape. The entertainer is the only one who is shut off from a large sector of his already small world of potential employment by denial of an ID card. Many outstanding jazz musicians have been barred from performing in New York City night clubs because of such denial. One of the most famous, Billie Holliday, can sing in Central Park and Carnegie Hall, but not in any of the city's night clubs—and few performers denied the cards are fortunate enough to be asked to appear in Carnegie Hall.

Like Billie Holliday, most of the musicians denied cards are barred because of past narcotics violations. Few musicians have broken into anyone's safe or held up the corner candy store, but jazz musicians especially have been exposed to narcotics, and many have been convicted for possession of drugs—most commonly, marijuana. The young jazz musician is likely to be exposed to mari-

DAN WAKEFIELD, author of the recently published *Island in the City* (Houghton Mifflin) is a frequent contributor.

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juana as the fraternity boy is exposed to gin—and, though marijuana is no more addicting than alcohol, one is a crime and the other a custom. Since our society treats the illness of narcotic addiction as a crime (and does not distinguish in lay between heroin, which is physiologically addicting, and marijuana, which is not) anyone who has ever been caught with a reefer in his pocket is a criminal, and falls under the police ID-card regulation, which states:

Except in the discretion of the Police Commissioner, no person shall be issued a cabaret and public dance hall employee's identification card or temporary permit who has been convicted of a felony or of any misdemeanor or offense, or is or pretends to be a homosexual or lesbian.

Let us leave aside the question of the Constitutional right of a homosexual to plunk a guitar in a Manhattan bistro, and confine ourselves to the troubles of citizens who in their past have been picked up with "pot." The applicant for an ID card must state not only what convictions he has had, as required by the licensing law, but he must also answer (Question 7 of the application):

7 (a) Were you ever arrested or summoned (except traffic violations)? Yes or No.

(b) If answer is yes, state how many times and give facts.

Although according to the regulations the applicant cannot be denied a card on the grounds of arrest alone, arrests which may never have resulted in convictions can be held against him in the final judgment for an ID card. In a recent case, jazz piano player Thelonius Monk, who had lost his card on a narcotics conviction and later had it reissued, was denied it again upon rearrest on a narcotics charge before the case even came to court. The arrest was all that the gendarmes-judges needed.

THE HISTORY of this custom, which allows the police to play Solomon with the scales, dates back to the Prohibition days of 1926, when the New York City Department of Licenses was given jurisdiction over cabarets. Cabaret operators (though not employees) were required to have

a license, and could be refused one if they had a criminal record. The whole idea was to keep the organized crime syndicates from gaining control of the night clubs. This arrangement was slightly altered in the early thirties, when some of our public protectors in the Department of Licenses were found to be selling licenses for newspaper stands to blind veterans for sums up to \$15,000. Jurisdiction over cabaret licensing was then shifted to the police. The licensing of employees did not become a practice until the forties. Now, by the arbitrary complications of the city's murky history, a regulation originally instituted to keep gangsters from operating night clubs keeps musicians with marijuana clouds in their past from playing the trumpet.

These men are often citizens of the caliber of plaintiff J. J. Johnson, a gentleman whose grace and dignity as a human being are equal to his considerable talent as a musician. J. J. Johnson and his wife sat in court in this spring of 1959 because thirteen years ago he had been arrested on a narcotics charge, convicted and given a suspended sentence. This was and is his only arrest. Prior to October, 1956, Johnson made several applications for a permanent ID card, and was denied it without any statement of the reasons. In October, 1956, he renewed his application, stating that he had been continually married since 1947, was the father of two children, owned his own home, and was a member in good standing of national fraternal organizations. The application was again denied, and no reason given.

In the meantime, the New York State Liquor Authority granted Johnson permission to work, telling him he did not have to make any further applications for permission. Johnson then requested a hearing from New York City's deputy police commissioner in charge of the Division of Licenses. The hearing was denied, but on November 7, 1956, Johnson was informed by Deputy Commissioner Robert J. Mangum that he could have a six-months temporary card and at the end of that period would be considered for a permanent card if he would "submit a statement from any New York City

Hospital at the end of this six-month period, indicating that he has been examined thereat and was found to be free of narcotics use. . . ."

Kafka himself could have done no better. In the first place, Johnson has never been a narcotics addict (the single arrest thirteen years ago was evidently enough for the police to make the assumption). In the second place, New York City hospitals do not admit patients for treatment of the illness of drug addiction. Johnson's lawyer so informed Deputy Commissioner Mangum who, undaunted, then suggested that Johnson submit a letter from his own physician. Johnson did. He was again denied a permanent card, and issued another temporary one. On June 12, 1958, he made still another application for a permanent card, attaching to it his doctor's statement that he was not an addict; he was told that he would have to see the new deputy commissioner in charge of licenses, one James J. McElroy. Mr. McElroy informed Johnson that there were now "new policies" in the department, and the doctor's certificate was not acceptable; the applicant would have to present a certificate from a New York City Hospital (which, as had already been pointed out to the police, is an impossibility). A new temporary card was issued to Johnson, which this time restricted him to a designated cabaret for a designated period, and which he would have to renew each time he got another job. So moved the wheels of police justice—backwards.

THE IDEA of justice as interpreted by the police was brought to light time and again during the recent trial. At the very beginning, the lawyer for the police, Murray Rudman, told Judge Jacob Markowitz that in considering ID-card applications, the deputy police commissioner had to judge the "fitness" of the applicant. "What do you mean by 'fit'?" Judge Markowitz asked.

"One who will not violate the law—and who will carry out the responsibilities of a licensee," Mr. Rudman declared.

"Is the law that loose that no one understands it?" the judge asked.

Mr. Rudman vigorously stated

that the law was not loose at all; that the police had to determine "whether the applicant had a good moral character."

Mr. Rudman, a rather diminutive, pallid man with a light, square-shaped mustache, carried about a book entitled *Dynamics of Behavior* and seemed to be heavily concerned with the question of "morality." Those who might doubt Mr. Rudman's qualifications as a moralist were surely put at ease when he told the judge, "I am not a frequenter of cabarets. I don't know how they operate." The judge informed him that a cabaret was "a restaurant with entertainment." Armed with this knowledge of the seamier side of life, Mr. Rudman pressed on, displaying rather frequently indeed his innocence of the evil world of entertainment. One would not have been surprised to hear him enter a recitation of "Life Upon the Wicked Stage" into the record, but he managed to vent his moral concern in more traditional ways.

When Mrs. Jean Rubenstein, wife of plaintiff Beril (Billy) Rubenstein was on the stand, Mr. Rudman questioned her about her husband's musical tours about the country, and wondered how he received these assignments. Mrs. Rubenstein said that he was booked by M.C.A. (the Music Corporation of America, one of the two largest booking agencies in the country).

"Is that the YMCA?" Mr. Rudman queried.

When Jackie Bright, national secretary of the American Guild of Variety Artists, took the stand, Mr. Rudman was interested in whether that organization had special restrictions for its members who had committed "morals violations."

"What type of morals are you talking about?" Mr. Bright asked. "Wouldn't you consider certain types of crimes moral in nature?"

Judge Markowitz stemmed the tide of Rudman's moral zeal in that line of questioning, and Jackie Bright, who after all had not been billed as Albert Camus, was allowed to get down to more practical matters. Once on this surer ground, he came up with one of the few rational suggestions heard during the whole proceedings: he proposed that the



Drawing by Palladino

police might screen the night-club customers rather than the night-club entertainers.

Other figures from the risqué world of entertainment appeared to testify, including Steve Allen, one of the few performers unhampered by the ID-card restrictions who has taken an active interest in the problem, and assured the court that he had employed Mr. Johnson on his TV program, as well as other performers with past narcotics violations, without complaint from or evident damage to his public.

Perhaps the most memorable moments of the trial were afforded by the testimony of Deputy Police Commissioner McElroy in relation to Billy Rubenstein who, like Johnson, had been cleared by the State Liquor Authority for permission to work in cabarets. In 1951 and 1954, Mr. Rubenstein had been convicted of misdemeanors for possession of marijuana. Since 1954 he had committed no crime, had married, become a father, and was working steadily—although largely on the road, because of the restriction from working in New York City cabarets. The judge asked Mr. McElroy whether these facts did not provide satisfactory proof of rehabilitation.

Mr. McElroy, a rotund, pleasant fellow, smilingly replied that, considering the short time that had elapsed since the crime, he didn't feel Mr. Rubenstein should yet have a card. Judge Markowitz reiterated Rubenstein's four-year clean record and

qualifications of home and family: "How much more is one to do to get work in New York?" he asked.

"I'd expect another two years," Mr. McElroy smiled.

Mr. McElroy later pointed out that besides Rubenstein's narcotics arrests, he had been charged twice (also before 1955) with driving a car without a license, and this indicated "a disregard for the law."

DESPITE the doubts of our moral guardians, the cops, Judge Markowitz instructed them to give permanent ID cards to Johnson and Rubenstein. The parts of the case which challenged the Constitutionality of the ID-card procedure, however, were dismissed. One of the main grounds was the inability of the plaintiff's lawyer to demonstrate that his plaintiffs actually represented the thousands of others—including the waiters and hat-check girls—who are "similarly concerned and situated." Mr. Cohen says he will bring it to test in court again. In the meantime, the system grinds on. Roughly 300 applicants are officially denied the cards every year, and Cohen estimates that at least another thousand who never ask for a hearing are refused annually. Many just give up, and try other ways of making a living.

But the citizens of our largest and most "liberal" city may rest tonight assured; no one will blow a *Lullaby of Birdland* who doesn't have the moral sanction of the cops.

THE IRRESPONSIBLE POISONERS.. by Robert L. Rudd

FROM A few inches of soil, a few feet of air and a few hundred feet of the water's depths we take the food and fiber on which our survival depends. This thin, productive skin of the earth's surface, bountiful though it is, has not yielded its bounty without struggle. Traditionally, food production for man's use has been both inefficient and insufficient. Man competes here with a multitudinous complex of living forms, and throughout most of the world, even today, does not fare well in the competition. His crops, his domestic animals and his person are beset by a host of foraging, predaceous, parasitizing and disease-causing organisms. Only in those countries with well-developed agricultural technologies has the balance of competition been tipped in favor of man. In the United States particularly, the application of research and technology to food-raising has been so successful that we can and do produce far more than we actually need.

Relative success in controlling competing organisms is in large part due to chemicals which repel or inhibit a pest species or, through killing, reduce its numbers. The same methods of check and control are used in nature by other species of organisms. And the water and the land that produce our foods and fibers — and our pests — give us those animals for which we fish and hunt for pleasure, and that living complex whose presence we enjoy for its own sake. No living thing is unimportant and every living thing has its antagonist.

Our use of chemicals to control living things is not new. Rodents and predatory mammals have been controlled with poison for centuries; insects have been similarly controlled for at least a century. But within the last fifty years, chemical usage has changed from occasional and limited to persistent and widespread. As dramatic as any development in

an era of startling technological changes has been the discovery and application of pesticides. Within twenty years DDT was discovered, put to use, and followed by a host of other synthetic insecticides. Herbicides, dependent on totally new concepts, have been developed. The most toxic of all pesticides, Compound 1080, was discovered, tested and put to world-wide use a little over fifteen years ago. But keeping pace with the increasing use of chemicals is a rising swell of doubt: do they, in the end, do more harm than good?

MANY indications of biological disturbance resulting from the use of toxic chemicals in agriculture are known to scientists. Public knowledge of these effects is reflected in three controversies which occurred within the last year.

A group of Long Island landowners, offended by unsought spraying of their lands for gypsy-moth control and concerned about wildlife damage, brought suit against the U.S. Department of Agriculture to force cessation of all such operations [see "The Pesticide That Came to Dinner," by David Cort, April 12, 1958]. The decision in what has come to be known as the "DDT trial" favored the government agencies, but the issue plainly was much larger than could be settled in a single court action. In any case, the public airing of the facts resulted in much wider awareness of the hazards, both known and potential, of large-scale chemical control programs. The government agencies involved were made acutely aware of the hitherto largely silent opposition, and have now retrenched to consider modifications of their programs.

The opposition has not been silent in the current program to "eradicate" the imported fire ant in the South. Several features mark this as somewhat different from earlier programs: although the insect species is widespread, there is clear doubt about its economic liability; the program is ambitious (some twenty million acres will be treated); the

dosage (heptachlor at two pounds per acre) is several times that used in normal crop-insect control; in the diversified landscape of the rural South, aerial application makes it difficult to discriminate among the areas requiring treatment; whenever used, the effect of the treatment on free-living wildlife has been dramatically noticeable, often catastrophically so. The opposition has taken the form of debates, suits or threats of suits. No decision is in sight.

Livestock interests on Western rangelands have been bothered for a century by the depredations of coyotes and wolves. Yet currently there is a revival of opposition to the chemical control of predatory mammals in the West. Some features of this opposition do not differ from a violent controversy on the same subject which erupted three decades ago: the emotional attitude toward wildlife in this country; serious challenges of the need for control, particularly on public lands; the use of flesh baits containing highly toxic chemicals. Much was learned from the earlier controversy; regulatory procedures were tightened.

But with the discovery and rapid acceptance of Compound 1080 — the most toxic chemical now used in control programs — the picture has again changed. The chemical is effective — too effective. It is stable on baits, in water, in soil and in animal tissue. It can kill easily its primary targets, coyotes and rodents; because of its stability, however, it can kill secondary targets almost as well. A dog — or coyote — which eats a rodent killed with "1080" is almost certainly going to die. Today the chief concern in the large-scale campaigns against predatory mammals is this highly hazardous "1080." But there are other areas of inquiry. What is the actual extent of secondary poisoning? Are the extensive campaigns against predatory mammals economically justified? No one can answer these questions now. But they are legitimate questions which ultimately must be answered.

These examples of anti-pest campaigns given above are only three

ROBERT L. RUDD, member of the Zoology Department at the University of California (at Davis), has written extensively on conservation.

among many of lesser scope which have aroused controversy. Others are to be expected in the future, and these too will arouse controversy unless imaginative alternatives are developed. The likelihood of a quick reversal of field — the abandonment, that is, of chemical control programs — is small. Overcoming inertia and entrenched ideas will not be simple. The first step in arriving at an over-all solution of the problem is to identify the major weaknesses in the present approach. I list four below:

The unrepresented. We look to the products of land and water for our survival. Beyond this, from the same land and waters, we draw our recreational and aesthetic pleasures. Hunter, fisherman, photographer, vacationer, educator, naturalist, conservationist, scientist — all deserve to be considered in the assessment of values derived from our productive lands. There are over forty million fishing and hunting licenses annually sold in this country; millions of vacationers crowd our scenic areas every year. Millions more quietly appreciate our natural bounty. But in the conflict between immediate productive gain and the long-range total appreciation of the products of the land, these interests do not fare well. State and federal agencies charged with the protection of such interests have failed to discharge their function with sufficient vigor. These agencies have had wise and vigorous spokesmen in the past; they are not heard now.

"Approved and recommended." This stamp of officialdom given to a control chemical implies that all is well — no hazard exists in use. Only rarely does a grower, a control official or an administrator inquire further when he sees this mark of official sanction. But well he might! With increasing frequency, reliable reports of unexpected disturbances appear.

Ground-feeding birds, particularly robins, have seriously declined in several states where elm trees have been treated with DDT for Dutch elm-disease control. The birds die of poisoned earthworms eaten many months after the trees have been sprayed. Treatment for gnat larvae

in a California lake — with low dosages of DDD — resulted in slow but inexorable accumulations of chemicals in the tissues of edible fishes many times larger than the legally allowed maximum for commercial foodstuffs.

"Resistance" to chemicals — the ability to withstand increasingly larger dosages — has now appeared in some fifty species of pest insects. These insects are important to man — codling moth, malarial mosquitoes, house flies, many species of citrus insects, to name a few. The list is rapidly lengthening. So also is the number of chemicals which induce resistance. Even the use of unstable "nerve" gases — the organophosphates, considered the solution to DDT-induced resistance — is producing resistant species.

Destruction of beneficial insects is the rule with current nonselective insecticides, and insect populations may no longer be held in check by natural enemies. The rise to pest status of spider mites — not subject to DDT — illustrates how elimination of one pest species sometimes merely results in substituting one problem for another.

This accounting could be expanded considerably. The important conclusion to draw is that hazards in the use of chemicals do exist even under the best of approved procedures. Short-sightedness, political expediency, simple apathy and biological ignorance play too big a role in our pest-control programs.

The channelized thinker. The progressive narrowing of knowledge begins in our colleges and universities, where specialists are trained. And it is a specialist — not the crop, livestock or timber grower — who recommends this or that chemical for use in control programs. Students in economic entomology, for example, rarely study biology and resource management in the broad sense. Crop production is their only goal and interest. The forestry student is somewhat less restricted in perspective; the public-health official is even less so. Too frequently, curricula have been so narrow and specialized, that it should surprise no one that a graduating applied biologist has little awareness of the many

interests affected by his specialty.

There are hopeful indications of a reversal in our educational policies regarding specialty education. Meanwhile, what is the fate of such a channelized thinker when he goes to work for industry or government? Restricted as he was before, he now becomes even more confined. Perhaps he will henceforth work on only a single commodity. In a distressingly short span of time, his closely circumscribed information and duties become a mental strait jacket. His only values stem from the narrow channel of his specialty. The mistakes of judgment in the controversial fire-ant control program in the South were a logical result of such thinking. So are the poison campaigns directed against predatory mammals in the West.

The production fetish. The recreational and aesthetic values stemming from the plants and wildlife of our production areas mean very little to control specialists. The primary value is the production of food and fiber. This emphasis is necessary — up to a point. But we have long ago shown we know how to produce; we have long ago passed the threshold mark of concern for primary values. Overproduction has settled on us like a plague. Many economic and political inhibitory devices have been called into use to prevent complete chaos in crop production. Chemical use to increase production is continually stressed; and few stop to inquire "Why?" or "What do we lose in the process?" Too many of our production specialists cling to an antiquated idea that production increase is desirable and normal. Not only must there be an absolute increase, but there must also be an increase in the rate of increase. And should acreage be limited through a "soil bank" or other device, the remaining acreage must be made to produce more to "compensate" for the loss. Chemical controls play a large role in this temporary compensation.

This is the production fetish. It is a false god to which is sacrificed a host of values important to us all. And on its surface, it is a self-defeating system. Beneath the surface shows plainly a time of reckoning.

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Lost Dreams of Howard Fast

Stanley Meisler

FOR MANY years Howard Fast the Communist obscured our view of Howard Fast the writer. Flaunting contempt at Congress, issuing tracts against "bourgeois, decadent" authors, rallying sympathy for the Soviet Union, he stood between us and his books and kept us from a special insight into the intellect of an American Communist. Fast, who has left the party, may have represented, in some ways, the essence of America's own brand of communism. The clues to understanding him as a Communist lie in understanding him as a writer.

Fast's novels had tremendous circulation in the Communist world after World War II and, in fact, enjoyed much popularity here until the press advertised his link with the Communist Party in the late 1940s. His Soviet popularity ended when he left the party in 1957. Although his resignation helped reopen doors to American publishers and movie producers, most of the fiction of his Communist period has remained unread here. We have slipped Fast into our stereotype of the ex-Communist and perfunctorily welcomed him as one more defector who finally has seen the light.

The stereotype of the ex-Communist intellectual was fixed in that notable book, *The God That Failed*, which in 1949 presented the impressions of six men who broke from the party after years of membership or association. Editor Richard Crossman described this pattern for the group: Disgusted with their own societies and seeking an antidote for fascism, they saw communism as a vision of the kingdom of God on earth. "Devotion to pure utopia, and revolt against a polluted society," wrote Arthur Koestler, one of the six, "are . . . the two poles which provide the tension of all militant creeds." When the utopian vision clashed with the reality of the Soviet Union, Koestler and the others left the party.

Fast, in recent attempts at self-analysis, tends to use the characteristics of the Crossman group in describing himself. "My own generation of youth, bitter, robbed of any other hope, accepted

that canonization [of the October Revolution and its aftermath], and many of us dedicated our lives to a struggle that used us up and left us, in our middle age, soulsick and angry with the shattering of the Soviet illusion," he wrote in a recent article in *Midstream*. Yet there are differences. No matter how robbed and bitter Fast's youth became during the depression, he never had the sense of a polluted society that Koestler had when he joined the party in the waning moments of the Weimar Republic. When life seemed most bitter, Fast remained on the periphery of the party. He became a member only after the democracies began to show their greatest strength as battlers against fascism.

Fast even differed from such American Communists as John Gates, the party leader who quit several months after Fast did. Gates, who led an unsuccessful revolt against the rest of the leadership, wanted the party to adapt itself to American traditions. Fast also wanted to base his communism on American traditions but his approach was different. Gates wanted the party to move closer to American life, because he considered that necessary if communism intended to grow in the United States. Fast, on the other hand, viewed communism as the natural development of American democracy and history. This naive, distorted political perception, this confusion of democracy with communism, is a trait of Fast that we can uncover in even the briefest survey of his fiction.

THE vision of a utopian future guided Fast through fiction and communism. He expressed it early and completely. "It would be a people's government for the people," he wrote in *Citizen Tom Paine* (1943), "a government to see that no man starved and no man wanted, to see that hate and misery and crime disappeared through education and enlightenment. . . . There would be an end of war, an end of kings and despots. Christ would come to earth in the simple goodness of all men. . . ."

Fast never has been clear about how to attain this utopia. At first, he assumed that the example of early America would lead the world there, and he

set out to glorify the American Revolution in a series of novels. Misunderstanding much of its character, he viewed the Revolution solely as the beginning of a world struggle for liberty. Later, dissatisfied with the state of political freedom in twentieth-century America, he also grew dissatisfied with his interpretation of her early history. He started to look elsewhere for examples to inspire more struggles for liberty.

Significantly, he never used the Soviet Union as an example. He turned instead to the slaves of Rome and the ancient Jews. But his description of their struggles for freedom did not clear up his vagueness about how to achieve his goal. Through suffering and struggle, he said, freedom can be won, at least for awhile. He never was more concrete than that. Even since his break with communism, Fast has kept his utopian goal and his confusion about how to get there.

FAST's early books about the American Revolution reveal his dream of America: a land of freedom, fighting slavery throughout the world. In essence, his description begins as a simple ode to freedom, with no complications, no questions asked. A Jewish soldier, talking to his comrades at Valley Forge in *Conceived In Liberty* (1939), comes closest to defining Fast's early view of what America could be: ". . . the land for the dream of God in man."

By choice of hero, Fast amplified the universal aspects of the American Revolution in *Citizen Tom Paine* (1943). The emphasis in this book lies almost wholly on the world significance of the colonies' struggle. Mankind, according to Fast, received two things from the Revolution: an example and a promise. The example was the "awkward, stumbling, self-conscious first citizen army the world had ever known." The promise was, as Paine tells the Philadelphia militia, "We are the beginning, and we are making a new world."

When we consider that Fast joined the Communist Party in 1943, the same year *Citizen Tom Paine* was published, the difference between a Communist like Arthur Koestler and one like Fast becomes apparent. Koestler, after rebelling against a polluted society, sought a utopia. Fast reversed the emphasis and sought the utopia first. While his society may have dissatisfied him, he did not view it as polluted and, in fact, found the vision of his utopia in the folklore of the society itself. The Communist

STANLEY MEISLER is a Washington newspaper man and occasional contributor to critical and political journals.

Party became, for Fast, an American way of achieving an American end.

Not until he joined the party did Fast seriously start to criticize America. His first attempts to describe pollution in American society came with *Freedom Road* (1944) and *The American* (1946).

Although *Freedom Road* ends with a tribute to the unconquerable memory of Gideon Jackson, a former slave who becomes a congressman and then dies at the hand of the Klan, it is Fast's most despairing book. The Klan wipes out all, nothing remains of the democratic achievement of a few white and Negro farmers working and learning together in Reconstruction. The destruction was so great, Fast claimed, that "powerful forces" have kept the history of such successful experiments from the American people. His picture of Reconstruction was as all black as his picture of the Revolution had been all white.

The American, a biographical novel about John Peter Altgeld, reveals a more subtle and significant disillusion with American society. Altgeld, the governor of Illinois who pardoned the Haymarket martyrs in 1893, fights corruption and plutocracy in American politics with complete faith in the system that bred these evils. "He was not a Debs, a Parsons," Fast told us. "He was a democratic politician, and, as some said, the best America had ever produced." Altgeld refuses to look outside the system for weapons but uses his political power and own money in the battle, only to lose because his opponents have more of both. Fast, now become certain that they always would have more of both, felt that Altgeld failed because the possibility for decency in American democracy had ended. Altgeld refuses the plea of Eugene V. Debs to look toward socialism and so, in Fast's view, rejects the only true weapon.

This failure signaled the cracking of Fast's first dream. Somehow he had equated a Communist utopia with his vision of America, but now he decided American society, past as well as present, was too polluted to sustain it. The industrialization of the nineteenth century, with the accompanying concentration of power and wealth, had stopped the movement of America toward Fast's utopia. He no longer felt that American democracy and communism had the same goal.

In the years between *The American* and Khrushchev's speech on Stalin in 1956, Fast followed two paths. He wrote a series of novels carping at contemporary life in the United States, and he wrote two novels exploring ancient battles for freedom in Rome and Israel. *Clarkton*

(1947), *Silas Timberman* (1954) and *The Story of Lola Gregg* (1956) read like Communist analogues to the cheap bestseller or the roaring Western. They are characterized mainly by a ludicrous struggle between the bad guys (either strikebreakers or FBI agents) and the good guys (either Communists or fellow travelers) and by a complete lack of understanding of the American judicial system. These novels were weak as political statements because Fast had no clear notion of what his Communist utopia should be or how it should be attained. He did not look toward the Soviet Union as an example nor, any longer, toward the goals of early America, but contented himself with trying to pick faults in the society around him. *The Passion of Sacco and Vanzetti* (1953), a departure from Fast's main paths during this period, expressed his Communist dream most clearly, and it is a very vague expression.

In this novel, perhaps Fast's finest during the boycott years, a professor, who has worked in defense of Sacco and Vanzetti, and a Communist discuss the meaning of the execution. "For you, when Sacco and Vanzetti die," the Communist tells the professor, "there will die with them all hopes and dreams of justice and reason." Fast explained that the professor will weep but the Communist will join the dry-eyed. The dry-eyed "pledged to themselves a long memory and an absolute identification. They made notations in their own hearths and they drew up a balance sheet that extended as far back as the memory of mankind and the first whiplash on the first bent back. These dry-eyed ones said to themselves, 'There is a better way than weeping and a better way than tears.'" This discussion is our only clue to the role of communism in bringing about Fast's fuzzy dream of utopia.

THE novels of ancient history tell us even less about communism, although we can find subtle allusions, like, "Slaves of the world, we will cry out, 'Rise up and cast off your chains!'" in *Spartacus* (1951). This novel and *My Glorious Brothers* (1948) follow in many ways the thinking of the earlier novels about the American Revolution. Instead of having 1775 open a great battle for world freedom, Fast now assigns this role to the unsuccessful slave revolt against ancient Rome and the Jewish uprising led by the Maccabees against Greek tyrants. These struggles, however, seem to be more important as precursors than as first steps. They change the world little, but give Fast an op-

portunity to pay tribute to what he considered the first outbursts against tyranny.

Although Fast did not leave the party until after Khrushchev's 1956 speech, a reading of the later novels makes it clear that that event was more a catalyst than a cause. The aimless generalizations in the novels of the late 1940s and the early 1950s indicate that communism without any special American character could not hold him. We can assume that Fast, never close to the leadership of the party, represented some attitudes of the emotional, intellectual, non-professional, rank-and-file member. From examination of Fast's work, we can fit together a picture of this kind of American Communist.

Such members saw communism as firmly rooted in American traditions of freedom and, more important, could not believe in communism if convinced that it did not have these roots. For many, doubts about the absence of these roots came early. Fast, for example, had difficulties in the early fifties because his fervor for communism was destroying his fervor for America. And the more communism separated him from American traditions, the more Fast became separated from communism. His later novels, carping about modern America and extolling ancient struggles, gave Fast only a sense of aimlessness. He could not borrow fervor from foreign sources.

It would be hazardous to generalize from Fast about the difference between the American Communist Party and other Communist parties in the world. The strong nationalistic feeling that pervaded the party in the United States is certainly not unique. Moscow has its differences with Poland, Yugoslavia, China and, of course, Hungary, and the French and Italian parties are thoroughly involved in the political life and traditions of their countries. But, insofar as Fast's attitudes are typical, we may note at least this difference: other Communists attempt to improve their nations by applying what they consider an international or even a foreign technique; many American Communists, perhaps we should say many of those who have since left the party, attempted to improve their nation by guiding it up what they considered a natural next step for American democracy. American Communists, deluded into thinking of themselves as super patriots, may have been less conscious of the international aspects of communism than Communists elsewhere. At least, Fast was less so.

Since his break with the party, the 44-year-old Fast has published a book

about his Communist experiences and a novel. *The Naked God*, his confession, is extremely disappointing, failing to explain adequately either his reasons for remaining in the party so long or the inner turmoil that led to his disillusion. Much of the book sounds like the musings of a patient as he wanders over his confused past for an analyst. Perhaps the book came too soon after the event. *Moses, Prince of Egypt* (1958), has some characteristics of his other explorations into ancient struggles for freedom, although, since it treats of the young Moses, there is no struggle, but only the knowledge that it will come.

This novel is perhaps evidence that Fast, the ex-Communist, will continue

to study freedom, again seeing it as no more than an exciting, bitter struggle containing the seeds of some vague, utopian peace. It may also be evidence that Fast is fashioning a new dream in which the Jewish people lead the world, as he once thought America and communism did. His recent articles discussing himself as a Jew and the echoes of *My Glorious Brothers* add to the evidence.

But, whether or not he rushes on a new path to utopia, his older writings must not be ignored. They document a unique political record, a depressing American waste. They describe a man who distorted his vision of America to fit a vision of communism, and then lost both.

The Heart's Desire

WATER WITCHING U.S.A. By Evon Z. Vogt and Ray Hyman. The University of Chicago Press. 248 pp. \$4.95.

Carl Dreher

WHERE Pascal believed that "men are so necessarily foolish that not to be a fool is merely a varied freak of folly," our well-nourished weeklies of information and interpretation have discovered, in free America, a general sophistication for which, naturally, they themselves take much of the credit. "The hick has vanished," as one of them puts it. But, even from such expert testimony, an exception may be taken, if the prevalence of water witching is any criterion. In the face of agricultural colleges, mechanization, mail order houses, television and all the other appurtenances of the affluent, classless, enlightened society, hydraulic divination thrives. Mr. Vogt, who is associate professor of anthropology at Harvard, and Mr. Hyman, formerly a psychologist at Johns Hopkins and Harvard and now with General Electric, estimate the number of water dowers in the United States at 25,000. And in the relatively progressive state of Ohio, 39 per cent of the farmers questioned in 1958 agreed with the statement, "When a farmer wants to drill a well he should first witch for water."

Estimates of its time of origin range back 7,000 years, but water witching as we know it is probably only about 400 years old. In his great work on mining, *De re metallica* (1556), Agricola describes the technique of the

forked twig which is still the most widely used instrument, although rods, wire, bottles, keys suspended from books (usually the Bible), shovels and many other implements are used. Carried in the hands of the diviner as he walks about, the device is supposed to point to the "vein" of water. The deflecting force is generally assumed to be physical, but in the form publicized by the late Kenneth Roberts, in which the diviner works from a map, extrasensory perception must be held to account for the results, if any.

The chief practical reason for the persistence of the practice is that in seeking an underground water supply in many rural areas (and in suburban areas as well) one is staking hundreds or thousands of dollars, with no guarantee of success. As H. E. Thomas of the U.S. Geological Survey says in an excellent essay on scientific methods of locating ground water which is published as an appendix to *Water Witching U.S.A.*, "The scientist can see no farther below the ground than the next person." The farmer or suburbanite who hires a water driller is in many cases simply "wildcatting," and oftener than not he can't afford to lose. In contrast to the scientist, who speaks only of probabilities, the dowser, usually with assurance, says, "Dig here."

Leaning backward to be fair, and with a complete absence of scholastic snobbery, Vogt and Hyman present the evidence for and against dowsing as an efficacious method of locating water. They arrive at the conclusion that it is a form of magical divination. They show that successful case histories, which constitute the bulk of the favorable evidence, are unreliable and that

under controlled conditions the percentage of successes is that ascribable to chance. After giving an excellent account of scientific method, they concede its practical limitations and psychological disadvantages; selection of a site for a well is only one of many decisions we are forced to make at least partly on an extra-scientific basis — which is not the same as an unscientific basis. They discuss the psychology and neurology of dowsing in relation to talking horses, table tipping, mind reading and episodes like the Bridey Murphy hysteria of 1956. But the particular appeal of the book, to readers who may have no interest in either water supply or spiritism, is the analysis of the compatibility of water witching with the latter-day American ethos. Much is revealed by a single reference (S. A. Stouffer in a 1950 paper on study design) which points out that we live in a "society which rewards quick and confident answers and does not worry about how the answers are arrived at."

THE scientist may approach the ideal of disinterested understanding in the areas of knowledge he knows best, and if he is an Einstein or a Hippocrates or a Pascal, he may not be limited in this respect to any particular discipline. For that matter, quite mediocre scientists may excel some of the textbook names in purity of motive. As scientists they know that the truth is only approximate and tentatively realized and that its pursuit is endless. Others than scientists may know this too. But the ordinary untrained man, the creature of his indoctrination and his mores and lacking any such preoccupation, moves in a spiritual field of force which makes him certain of the uncertain and even of the demonstrably false. He has faith. What he believes is the heart's desire rather than the world as it is. Considering the incentives for self-deception, is it not remarkable that 61 per cent of the Ohio farmers *don't* believe in water witching?

But they may believe in worse things. The heart's desire, whether it is for a 10-gallon-a-minute well or a beautiful girl or eternal life, is exploited and debauched by the very media that tell us people can't be fooled any more. Two of the basic manipulative techniques of modern advertising and publicity involve the specious alleviation of anxiety and its obverse, the generation of anxiety. The dowser, at least, is guilty only of the first and his guilt is mitigated by self-delusion; the authors' survey shows that usually he is acting in good faith and often out of genuine solicitude for his fellow man. Which is more than can

be said of the media. The rube is obsolescent? They would make rubes of us all.

In their concluding discussion of the gains and costs of water witching, the authors are perhaps too tolerant. They do say that the "practice involves certain fundamental costs in the long run," but they limit their consideration to the mislocation of wells and the detraction from the efforts to obtain more precise geological information. The subject matter has much broader reference if one chooses to follow where it leads. Much more could be said of the high social cost of the will to believe. It is

important, as Bertrand Russell pointed out, that no one should believe anything merely because it happens to be comfortable to believe it. *Water Witching U.S.A.*, dealing with a relatively easy problem, shows how tenuous the influence of science is even where it has full freedom to investigate. What then of retrogressive nationalism, bigotry masquerading as religion, racism, class conflict and all those areas where the manipulative techniques of the bastard sciences are backed by the powers of church and state, and genuine science must tread cautiously and speak softly? We have a long, long way to go.

The Return of Lady C.

LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER.
By D. H. Lawrence. Grove Press.
368 pp. \$6.

Horace Gregory

LET US agree at once that *Lady C.* as Lawrence called it, waiting for proofs in 1928, has become for us one of the most extraordinary of historical novels. In those days Lady C. herself was in her rosy, somewhat buxom thirties, the kind of level-eyed, light-stepping woman one sees today on Princes Street in Edinburgh. It was wise of Lawrence to give her a touch of Scots ancestry, to give her a father named Sir Malcolm Reid, R.A., an artist of the solid, old-fashioned Anglo-Scottish school. Today Lady C. would be approaching her seventies with a sturdy, healthy air; clear blue-eyed as ever in a clean cottage kept, not in England, but on the outskirts of Edinburgh. I also suspect that she has survived her lover and second husband, Mellors, that Protestant and intellectual young man who talked so well. I am certain it is she and not he who invites you in for a chat over a cup of tea.

There will be, of course, no talk of that famous affair that saved her from Clifford Chatterley and the brittle post-World-War-I people he kept around him who talked of sex, sex, sex whenever they got together. Even Mellors talked too much of sex for Lady C. — but he talked, O so much better than the others! But today Lady C. would not be given overmuch to reminiscences. One has *lived* one's life, as they say,

HORACE GREGORY, poet, critic, biographer, is the author of D. H. Lawrence: A Critical Study. His most recent books are a new version in English of Ovid's Metamorphoses and Amy Lowell, a biography.

May 30, 1959

why talk about it? She had always a tendency to let others do the talking.

So, fortunate Lady C. survived all the people in the novel, which I believe is fairly close to Lawrence's intentions. But aside from her survival as one of the most enduring and attractive of Lawrence's heroines, what about the value of the book itself as a *historical* document? How is it that a novel of ideas begins to take on historical interest as well as the obvious interests for which it was written? Of course, all of Lawrence's novels are novels of ideas, and the very best of them are, I think, *The Rainbow* and *Women In Love*. *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, good as it is, is not in the top register of Lawrence's writings. It is more of an immediate, social document than the other two, and more firmly attached to a particular time and place — hence, as it lives on (which it thoroughly deserves to do), it acquires a special kind of historical meaning — a meaning which relates it to World War I and the decade that followed it.

Behind the talk of sex in the novel and the value of insisting upon the use of certain four letter words — which only hypocrisy disguises, and sometimes lewdly malforms — Lawrence advanced two warnings to his readers: the dangers of sexual and intellectual sterility; a growing lack of actual communication between human beings. There is enough evidence in all of Lawrence's writings to show that he regarded sexual contact as a means of proving that life exists, that it is also a kind of speech, a language of being. In 1928, Lawrence's two warnings were important reminders that the Western world faced imminent disasters. Problems of leadership and power vacuums, left gaping by World War I, created an abyss which Lawrence had



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perceived, and he had already dismissed the alternatives of communism vs./and/or fascism. His dismissal of these alternatives carried him back to a natural (and for him) thoroughly English position (see the famous "England, my England" passage, page 185 of the present reprinting of *Lady Chatterley*). The traditional English position is the preservation of individual rights. In *Lady Chatterley* the rights of speech are defined as the right to use four letter words; and the old saw, "Every Englishman's Home Is His Castle" becomes Connie's and Mellors' right to love each other as they choose. This last is in a utopian cottage, perhaps, but Clifford's castle had ceased to be a home, far less so than Mellors' gamekeeper's hut.

EVEN before World War I the façades of Victorian domestic moralities had begun to crack. Memoirs of the teens of the twentieth century in England, including Diana Cooper's *The Rainbow Comes and Goes* and Sir Osbert Sitwell's *Great Morning*, are views of what became Lady Diana's "dance of death" in the opening years of World War I. Lady Connie was not, of course, a Lady Diana. She was not "in society"; she was no great beauty for the newspaper-reading British public to adore. She came from a semi-artistic set, not from a fashionable "coterie." But she had been to Germany; she had no doubt heard of German nudist camps; her first lover was a *Wandervogel* student. The early Georgian movement in poetry out of which Lawrence grew (he grew beyond it quickly) almost literally embraced a neo-romantic rediscovery of nature. One of the most admired of Georgian poets, Ralph Hodgson, wrote, "Eve, with her basket, was/Deep in the bells and grass/Up to her knees,/Picking a dish of sweet/Berries and plums to eat,/Down in the bells and grass/Under the trees." In historical terms, Hodgson's Eve was second cousin to Lady C. While Lady Diana drank champagne until dawn and smiled for camera men, Hodgson's Eve, as English as she, drew the attention of the serpent. Lady Diana and Lady C. and Eve, however apart they seemed in their respective sets or classes, were of the same *Zeitgeist*.

It is not surprising then that Lawrence's Lady C. allowed Mellors to preach to her of naturalness in their relationship, nor does she suffer the grief, the lonely crying fit of Hodgson's Eve, "Haunting the gate of the/Orchard in vain..." She is to be captured by the Adam of her choice, Mellors, who also rescued her from Clifford's "dance of

death," a brittle sterility of the intellectuals who talked about "the bitch-goddess Success" with callow cynicism. Lady Diana's "dance of death" was of an aristocratic Whig society that during a hundred years had shifted its name to Liberal, and she was married by her Mellors of the Foreign Office, Duff Cooper.

BOWDLERIZED versions of *Lady Chatterley* have been available for many years, yet only the unexpurgated edition revived in the present volume deserves the promise of immortality. Why? Because censorship makes the book seem uneasily "suggestive," as intellectually dishonest as Thackeray's glossing over the sexual misadventures of Becky Sharp in his *Vanity Fair*. Thackeray's fear of censorship flawed the greatest of his novels. His Victorian taint had led him to the deepest of moral crimes. Lawrence could never bend to compromise, or good or bad, could never yield to being mediocre.

To this restored edition of *Lady Chatterley* Mark Schorer has added an informative introduction and bibliography. In the form of a letter to the publisher, Archibald MacLeish has written a lawyer-like and eloquent reply to charges of "obscenity" against the book. Readers of "naughty books," those who enjoy *Lolita*, are not fond of *Lady Chatterley*. Lawrence the Puritan, the archetype Protestant, is too much in evidence here. To the naughty-minded, Lawrence almost makes Mellors' rescue of Lady C. a healthy duty, which to them is no way to spend a summer afternoon.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

London

THE Royal Court Theatre — where early in the century Bernard Shaw and Grenville Barker profited theatre art at a loss of \$100,000 — is once again the site of important activities. For here in this geographically off-center playhouse John Osborne, who looked about in anger, has opened the door to the younger generation's sibilant shouts.

The Royal Court enterprise, undertaken to introduce new playwrights whose realism would be rougher than Rattigan's, has become more than a stage society: it is a gathering place for literary rebellion. One hears talk, half respectful, half grudging, of a "Royal Court crowd" or "clique."

The production unit — under the direction of George Devine, Tony Richardson and lately Lindsay Anderson — has not only produced the three Osborne plays (Osborne began as an actor in the company) but Miller's *The Crucible*, Brecht's *Good Woman of Setzuan* and a number of less well-known plays by English authors. Most of them have been box-office failures, though the last, a war play called *The Long and The Short and The Tall* by Willis Hall, has moved to the West End where it is attracting favorable attention.

Theatre in the West End is conservative to a degree that often makes Broadway look *avant garde*. The Royal Court and Joan Littlewood's Theatre Workshop are the first concerted postwar efforts to challenge the West End's dominance of the English stage. If Lorraine Hansberry were English, *A Raisin in the Sun* is the kind of play which would have to be done at the Royal Court.

This theatre is a symptom of a wide movement in the arts — particularly in literature. Novelists, poets, critics who are seeking their way out of the morass of yesteryears' Establishment (1919-1945) in the social, cultural, political world are sympathetically seconding the outcry at the Royal Court. One cannot say that all these folk speak the same language or are bent toward identical goals, but they have many characteristics in common. Most of them are better educated than the stalwarts of our 30s and their riot seems more studied and often more snobbish than that of their earlier American counterparts. Because this English radicalism comes at a different time from ours and arises from different causes (ours was rooted in the shock of the depression; theirs in the altered historical position of their civilization), it may strike an uninitiated American as somewhat retarded and its complaints less intelligible or justified than ours seemed to be. (In their recognition of the nuclear horror the English are in advance of us. My impression is that though Americans all talk about it they are not truly alarmed. So long as we are relatively prosperous we think of annihilation by atom power as so much science fiction.)

The latest manifestation of the Royal Court's temper was an evening devoted to the reading of verse by the young poet Christopher Logue — readings accompanied in the San Francisco manner by the playing of jazz. The poetry was followed by the same author's playlet *The Trial of Cob and Leech*. The event as a whole, called "Jazzetry," was presented to select but representative audiences on two Sunday evenings and

The NATION

cordially welcomed by such sedate journals as the *Times* and the *Sunday Times*.

Logue has talent, but since I heard his poems against a background of jazz I am in no position to estimate their worth. What was immediately striking in the verse as in the playlet — which was propaganda in burlesque form — was an addiction to four-letter words, presumably an assault on English prudery, and a loud-mouthed left-wing guying of English politics and sacred institutions. The effect was that of a cultivated collegiate razzberry. The salient aspect of all this to me was the fact that whatever the audiences' sober judgment may have been they seemed thoroughly pleased that another stinkbomb was being heaved at the bastions of complacent English respectability.

It is worth recalling that in *Journey's End*, the most popular English war play of the late twenties, the leading characters were officers who consoled themselves by quoting *Alice in Wonderland*; the soldiers in *The Long and The Short and The Tall* are working-class men — none of them above a sergeant's rank — from various parts of Britain and each speaks the salty vernacular of his region. The language, frequently unintelligible to older people raised on public school or B.B.C. English, is the outstanding virtue of the play — the language and the virile acting of the young company. The production as a whole, directed by Lindsay Anderson who was previously identified with documentary films, is impressive for its naked and humane realism.

There is nothing actually controversial in this play (nor for that matter in the more lyrically expressive *A Taste of Honey* of which I have already written) but their presence and success indicate progress. I do not believe that any of this work is as sturdy as *Awake and Sing*, *A Streetcar Named Desire*, or *Death of a Salesman*, but that really doesn't matter. Each community must develop according to its own history and organic needs. There is no doubt, however, that American plays have exercised a certain beneficial influence on English writing for the theatre.

IBSEN has had two comparatively successful showings: one of *Ghosts* — which is an old story — another of *Brand*, rarely performed outside Europe. What struck me about *Ghosts* — in a rather tame production — was that it was a truly *revolutionary* play, about which the conservative critics were quite right to raise a rumpus. Ibsen was a daring troublemaker in a way that no one since has been or tried to

be. *Ghosts* is by no means the best Ibsen — though its structure is exemplary — but it is not, as some contend, entirely antiquated in its significance.

Brand demonstrates Ibsen's genius all over again. The present production is technically amateurish, and the play requires the most comprehensive stage resources, but I was glad to see it even in shreds and patches. In a sense its theme is entirely beside the point in present circumstances: it takes a critical view of all or nothing fanaticism. Contemporary fanatics are masters of compromise, which in some countries — England for example — is almost a state religion.

Two aspects of *Brand* make it fascinating: one is that while Ibsen condemns Brand's unbending Protestantism, he makes us so aware of Brand's moral grandeur that we become almost shamed by a too facile tolerance that is often nothing better than moral indifference. Then again the play is truly poetic in language (the new translation by Michael Meyer is excellent) and in theatrical conception. This drama of the past (written in 1865, first produced in Stockholm in 1885) is, in its aesthetic and intellectual character as well as its foreshadowing of the modern theatre's craft demands, infinitely more original and vital than most of the quasi religious pastiches of our own day.

RECORDS

Lester Trimble

CONTEMPORARY RECORDS, a Los Angeles organization, has found an intelligent way to present contemporary music. In their Composers Series, each twelve-inch record is given over to the music of a single composer who, whenever possible, selects the works to be recorded, chooses the artists and supervises recording sessions. This ground plan is superior to other contemporary recording projects in that, instead of presenting the listener with an isolated work from the composer's catalogue, it offers him the chance to gain at least a limited perspective on a probably unfamiliar musical personality.

Three records recently distributed contain the works of Andrew Imbrie, Ernst Toch and Vernon Duke (also known as Vladimir Dukelsky). Of the three composers, Imbrie is by far the youngest. He was born in New York City in 1921, educated at Princeton and at the University of California, Berkeley,

where he is at present a faculty member. His principal teacher was Roger Sessions, and in the two String Quartets recorded on Contemporary Records C-6003, an affinity with Sessions' style of mind is broadly apparent. In both the *Second String Quartet* (1953) and the *Third String Quartet* (1957), Imbrie's compositional approach embodies extreme intellectual control, a constant exercise of imagination in the intricate development and integration of materials, and a command of form in its small and large aspects that is quite remarkable for a composer in his thirties. Of the two works, I find the *Third String Quartet* more compelling. It is surer of its ground than was its predecessor, and richer in mature meanings. It is a little gray and dour, to be sure, and I was at first provoked to considerable resistance. On third or fourth hearing, however, the work begins to reveal many internal values and meanings. I suspect it is built for the long run, since it is capable not only of conquering resistance but of making a positive claim on one's affections. The performers on this disc are the California String Quartet and the Walden String Quartet. Both groups have done their work well.

Ernst Toch is at the other end of the age-scale. He was born in Vienna in 1887 and was the most feted composer in Germany during the twenties. Since 1934 he has made his home in the United States.

Toch has always been a Romantic, but he is a highly personal composer, and there are so many qualities in his music which do not fall exactly within the Romantic framework that I would hesitate to categorize him narrowly. The works on this disc, however, stem from his twenty-second and thirtieth years, when he was wholeheartedly committed to the luxurious manner, and more than

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a little "influenced." Shades of Bruch, Brahms, Schumann, Wagner, and even Borodin pass across the scene. And yet, the *Quartet in D Flat Major, Opus 18* (1909), and the *Serenade (Spitzweg)* in G, *Opus 25* (1917) have a charm that is not entirely borrowed or dated, and they are beautifully played on this disc by the Westwood String Quartet and the Westwood String Trio (Contemporary Records C-6002).

Vernon Duke (born 1903) has enjoyed a certain renown as a composer with a double career, one-half in the commercial field, and the other in the world of art music. The two versions of his name have been used (though he now seems to have settled permanently on Vernon Duke) to try to keep the careers separate. But it seldom (if ever) happens that a commercial composer attempting serious compositions can prevent qualities of shallowness, slickness, and vagueness of mind, and technical crudity from spilling over from the one field to the other. I have never heard any non-commercial music from Dukelsky's pen that merited serious attention. The *String Quartet in C, Surrealist Suite, Three Caprices for Piano and Variations on an Old Russian Chant for Oboe and Strings* are recorded on Contemporary Records C-6004, with the Roth String Quartet and Chamber Players and the composer himself as performers.

WESTMINSTER has issued a splendid first recording of Hugo Weisgall's opera, *The Tenor* (Wedekind), with Richard Cassilly, Richard Cross, Doris Young, Dorothy Coulter, Chester Ludgin, John Kuhn and the Vienna State Opera Orchestra under Herbert Grossman (OPW-1206). This work is slightly earlier

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(about four years) than the composer's *Six Characters in Search of an Author*, which was performed for the first time at the City Center this season [*The Nation*, May 16], but possesses the same attributes of forcefulness, technical know-how and seriousness of intent. It is impossible to make a true comparison between one opera that is staged and another that is presented only on a record. Listening to *The Tenor*, I found myself jolted occasionally by a musical vulgarity that hit the ear with particular force because of the work's generally high level of cultivation. Without seeing the opera, it is impossible to know how serious such blemishes may be. In any event, they do not make the recording less than fascinating, nor obscure the opera's other virtues.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Charles Munch, has recorded for RCA Victor the *Images for Orchestra (Gigue: Ibéria: Rondes de Printemps)* by Debussy (LM-2282) and the *Symphony No. 4* by Brahms (LM-2297). Both are fine. Munch conducts with a nice lightness of hand, and the Boston Orchestra's distinctive tone and spirit is apposite both to Brahms's summery opus and to the sensuous colorations of the Debussy.

UNDER the Vox label, the Bamberg Symphony, conducted by Rolf Reinhardt, has performed a series of Overtures taken from Handel operas and oratorios. *Overtures to Terpsichore, Rodelinda, Theseo, Ariadne, Ezio, Jephtha, Il Pastor Fido*, are included; the performances are firmly robust and clear (PL 11.300).

The Beethoven *Missa Solemnis* is less satisfactorily recorded on Vox PL 11.430 by Otto Klemperer and the Vienna Symphony Orchestra, with soloists Ilona Steingruber, Else Schuerhoff, Ernst Majkut, Otto Wiener and the Akademiechor. In this performance, the sound of the massed forces is more opaque than one would wish, and the conductor's approach a bit imprecise. According to the jacket, this is the longest long-playing record ever made, running one hour, twelve minutes and thirty seconds.

RCA Camden CAL-486 comprises Volume 2 of *The Art of Sergei Rachmaninoff*, re-recorded examples of some of the virtuoso composer-pianist's performances dating from 1920 through 1942. For anyone interested in Rachmaninoff as an executant musician the disc is a delight. Even with a slight hiss carried over from the old records, a performance such as the one of the Schubert *Impromptu in A-Flat, Op. 90, No. 4*, is unforgettable.

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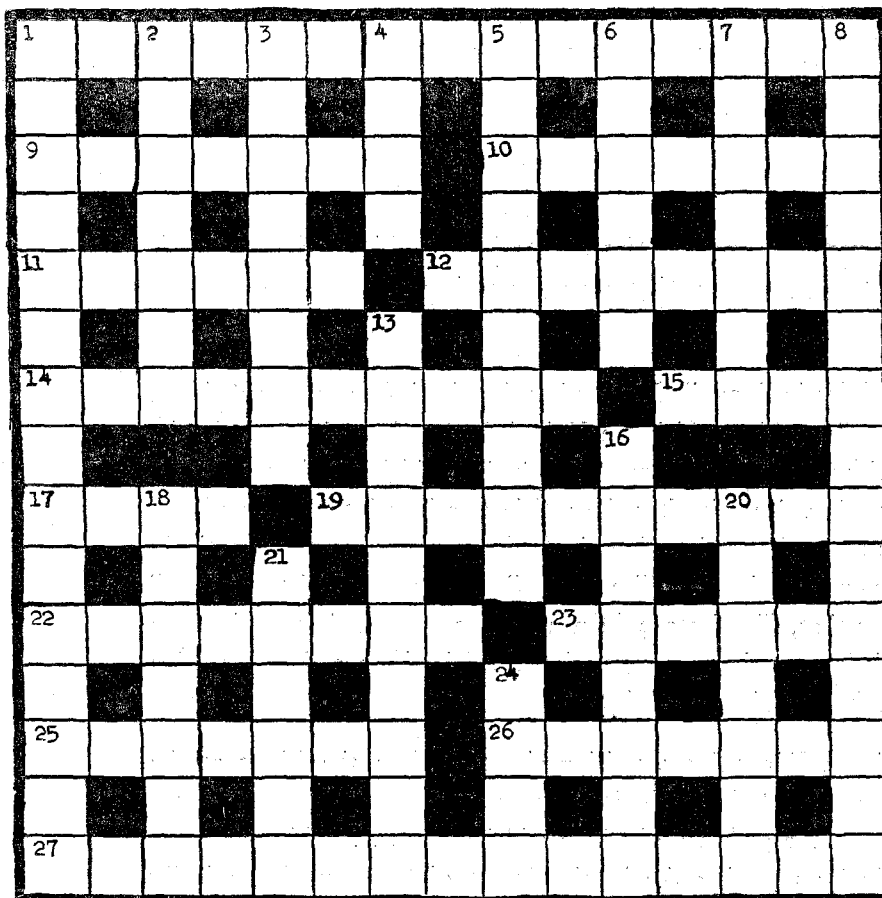
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Crossword Puzzle No. 822

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 Is the limitation in United States of America One Dime? (15)
- 9 Article nullified, or just shunned? (7)
- 10 One thing to stand on back can make protein. (7)
- 11 A short measure with what might be in mine is still plenty! (6)
- 12 Some time must have been given in his case. (8)
- 14 To be in a lab is something you can get hold of. (10)
- 15 Norman's Woe, for example. (4)
- 17 Fire, if the end is but an instrument. (4)
- 19 Very French amorous gestures are traditionally forgiven! (10)
- 22 Ale, upset and spilled on one's uniform? (8)
- 23 Most recently slated to be stated. (6)
- 25 This is a sorry bit of verse! (7)
- 26 Borne by the wind. (7)
- 27 Somewhat doubtful observation, if you're unable to count money in the bank! (3, 5, 3, 4)

DOWN:

- 1 Cyrenes, as recommended for vacations. (6, 2, 7)
- 2 I'd clear a sort of a sort of it! (7)

- 3 You might, if your best suit seems to have holes in it. (8)
- 4 Baking this might sweeten sour. (4)
- 5 Don't look so much without respect! (10)
- 6 Language refinement? (6)
- 7 Does it go out relaxed? Quite the opposite! (7)
- 8 It usually doesn't pay for one to win. (3-12)
- 13 In case the bar depends on uniform habits? (10)
- 16 The proper arrangement of a room can make it very tasteful! (8)
- 18 Certainly not an underwater conversation! (7)
- 20 Knot loosely? (3, 4)
- 21 The clue is likely to hold water, if on the move. (6)
- 24 Possibly 8, in a religious sense. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 821

ACROSS: 1 Indehiscent; 9 Barnacle; 10 Cut-ups; 11 Agitate; 12 Methane; 14 Brutus; 15 and 2 Fourteen ninety-two; 17 Gasoline; 20 Peruse; 24 Strange; 26 Nantes; 27 Original; 28 Cherrystone. DOWN: 3 Excites; 4 and 22 Ides of March; 5 Cocteau; 6 Notch; 7 and 21 Danger signal; 8 Sponge; 13 and 25 Offertory; 16 Tarnation; 18 Affray; 19 Incisor; 20 Patriot; 23 Aitch.

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When Is Truth?

Nothing gives an editor more pleasure than proof that his publication is keeping abreast of the truth—and sometimes even getting a little ahead of it. For example:

1. Under the title "Spies in Space," Carl Dreher described, in our May 9 issue, a system of "hovering" satellites which the United States planned to put in the sky as relay points for world-wide communications, but which could—and would—also be used for spying. A week after the article was in print, the *New York Herald Tribune* was telling its readers that the Defense Department was actively pushing a "global-communications satellite project" which was "vital to defense." And a few days after that, film footage from a camera recovered from the nose cone of an Atlas missile was shown on a national TV hook-up and prompted a news agency to speak of "spies-in-the-sky."

2. In our May 23 issue, Edgar Snow, writing about "China: the Ghost at the Summit," began his article: "No Chinese delegates will appear at Geneva or a Summit conference, yet the presence of China will be felt. . . . Peking could at any moment, merely by renewing the bombardment of Quemoy, dramatically remind us of awkward truths irreconcilable with [our China] policy." The day the issue appeared on New York City's newsstands, *The New York Times* carried a front-page story: "Red Chinese Guns Bombard Matsu."

But, of course, the pleasure that a writer's perspicacity yields the editor is unimportant; what is important is the service it renders the reader.

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